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SKETCHES
OF
AFRICAN SCENERY,

FROM
ZANZIBAR
TO THE
VICTORIA NYANZA,

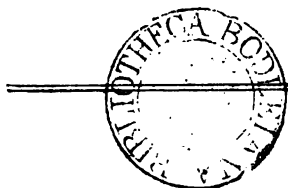
BEING A SERIES OF COLOURED LITHOGRAPHIC PICTURES,

FROM ORIGINAL SKETCHES BY

The late Mr. THOMAS O'NEILL, of the

VICTORIA NYANZA MISSION

OF THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY. /



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NOTE.

THESE lithographic pictures are from sketches made on the spot by the late Mr. Thomas O'Neill, of the Church Missionary Society's Victoria Nyanza Mission—except the last, which is from a rough pencil sketch by his brother missionary, the late Lieut. G. Shergold Smith.

The larger part of the letterpress is from a journal kept by Mr. O'Neill, not before printed. The Introduction is condensed from a fuller history of the Mission, lately published (*The Victoria Nyanza Mission*, Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square, London, E.C.; price Sixpence), in which will be found copious extracts from the letters and journals of the various members of the expedition.



LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Start from Kikoka, 13th July, 1876.

Village of Rosako.

Rapids on the Wami River.

View in the Nguru Mountains, near Mamro on the Wami.

View from the C.M.S. Camp, Mkundi River, Usagara, looking East.

C.M.S. Camp at Magubika, Usagara.

Panoramic View from the C.M.S. Camp, Mkundi River, Usagara looking West.

Mpwapwa, in the Usagara Mountains.

View from the C.M.S. Station, Mpwapwa, looking West.

C.M.S. Camp, in Western Ugogo.

Nguru, Capital of Usukuma.

Grave of Dr. John Smith at Kagci.

Repairing the *Daisy* at Kagci.

Grant Bay, Victoria Nyanza, from the Island of Ukerewe.

C.M.S. Camp and Building Yard, Bukindo, Ukerewe.

Entrance Gate to Bukindo, Island of Ukerewe.

Court House and Entrance to King's Palace,
Bukindo.

Marketing at the C.M.S. Camp, Ukerewe.

Wreck of the Dhow.

tions to the said water, they very naturally, and, I may add, fortunately, put upon the map that monster slug of an inland sea which so much attracted the attention of the geographical world in 1855-6, and caused our being sent out to Africa."

On this occasion Speke only saw the Victoria Nyanza at its southern extremity, and ascertained nothing respecting its size and shape, or as to the issue from it of the waters of the Nile. But in 1860, he undertook a second expedition with Grant, the main result of which was communicated in his famous telegram, "The Nile is settled." The dimensions of the lake were approximately fixed; the Nile was found to flow out of it northward; and two great monarchs, ruling over large territories, Mtesa, King of Uganda, and Rumanika, King of Karagué, received for the first time the visit of the white man.

A very interesting account was given of Uganda by Speke, and of Karagué by Grant. They were found to be peopled by a race, quite distinct from the Negro, called the Wahuma, and supposed to have had their origin in Abyssinia or the Galla country, and to belong to what Speke calls the "semi-Shem-Hamitic race of Ethiopia." The rulers of the two countries were very different. Mtesa was a self-indulgent and capricious youth; Rumanika much older, and dignified and gentle in an unusual degree.

The valuable linguistic labours of Krapf and Rebmann now proved to be another link connecting the Society with the evangelisation of Central Africa. It was Krapf who first studied Kisuhili, the *lingua franca* of the East Coast, and perceived its value as a medium of communication far into the interior; as may be seen from the Preface to his *Vocabulary of Six East African Languages*, published as far back as 1850. And this language is actually spoken by the chiefs of Uganda and Karagué.

For twelve years no other European stood on the shores of Lake Victoria. Petherick, Baker, and others, had tried the southward route up the Nile, and made fresh discoveries. Sir S. Baker, in particular, discovered a third large lake, which he named the Albert Nyanza. But none of them reached the Lake or saw the two kings, though Baker communicated with Mtesa. In the meanwhile attention was diverted to more southern climes. Livingstone had been lost sight of for years; but the finding of him by Stanley, in 1871, revealed to the world his great discoveries south and west of Tanganika. Two years later came the news of the great traveller's death; and in 1874 Stanley returned to East Africa, commissioned by an English and an American newspaper to complete the explorations which Livingstone had left incomplete. Marching by a partly new route, he struck the southern end of the Victoria Nyanza almost at the point from which Speke had first beheld its waters; launched a boat he had carried with him; traced out the vast and diversified outline of the Lake; and paid his memorable visit to King Mtesa (April, 1875). He had, however, been preceded by Colonel Long, an officer attached to the staff of Colonel Gordon, the successor of Sir Samuel Baker as Governor of the territories on the Upper Nile recently acquired by Egypt.

Both Long and Stanley found a great change in Mtesa. The latter wrote, "The Mtesa of to-day is vastly superior to the vain youth whom Speke and Grant saw. They left him a raw, vain youth, and a heathen. He is now a gentleman, and, professing Islamism, submits to other laws

than his own erratic will." This change seems to have been mainly due to the influence of an Arab trader, Khamis bin Abdullah, who had persuaded Mtesa to become a Mohammedan, and had introduced much of the barbaric civilisation associated with such courts as those of Muscat and Zanzibar.

Mr. Stanley, during his brief visit of five days, set before the king the superior claims of Christianity, and in the course of a longer sojourn in Uganda, later in the year, gave him further instruction, the particulars of which have not, as we write, yet been published. On his departure, to continue his travels, he left with Mtesa a Negro lad who had been brought up as a Christian in the school of the Universities' Mission at Zanzibar. This boy was afterwards found by an emissary of Colonel Gordon's reading the Bible with the King.

On November 15th, 1876, appeared Mr. Stanley's famous letter in the *Daily Telegraph*, announcing his arrival in Uganda, and communicating King Mtesa's readiness to receive Christian teachers. Three days after, a sum of five thousand pounds was offered to the Church Missionary Society towards the expense of a Mission to the Victoria Nyanza.

On the 23rd, a Special Meeting of the Committee was held to consider the proposal. Very solemn were the feelings of all present. The enterprise was confessedly a difficult, perhaps a dangerous one. The journey was long and arduous; if successfully accomplished, the Mission would be some 800 miles from its base upon the coast; it was very doubtful what reliance could be placed upon the sincerity, or at least upon the stability, of Mtesa's good intentions. But it was felt that this was no mere call from the King of Uganda, no mere suggestion of an enterprise never thought of before. The past could not be forgotten. The long chain of events which had led to the invitation stood out before the memory. At one end of the chain was a fugitive Missionary of the C. M. S., led by the providence of God to a point on the coast where he heard vague rumours of a great inland sea, covering a space till then blank upon the map. At the other end of the chain was the C. M. S. again, offered a noble contribution to undertake the work of planting the banner of Christ on the shores of the largest of the four or five inland seas discovered in the meanwhile. Was not the call from God? Like Paul at Troas, "Immediately we endeavoured to go, assuredly gathering that the Lord had called us for to preach the Gospel unto them." After full discussion, and fervent prayer for Divine guidance, the Committee passed the following Resolution:—

"That this Committee, bearing in mind that the Church Missionary Society is primarily commissioned to Africa and the East, and recognising a combination of providential circumstances in the present opening in Equatorial Africa, thankfully accepts the offer of the anonymous donor of £5,000, and undertakes, in dependence upon God, to take steps for the establishment of a Mission to the vicinity of the Victoria Nyanza, in the prayerful hope that it may prove a centre of light and blessing to the tribes in the heart of Africa."

Another promise of £5,000 was soon afterwards received; and about £4,000 was subsequently contributed in smaller sums.



Thomas O'Neill, del.

Vincent Brooks Day & Son, Lith.

THE START FROM KIKOKA, 18TH JULY 1876.



Thomas O'Neill, del.

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Vincent Brooks Day & Son, Lith.

VILLAGE OF ROSAKO

Within seven months from the resolve of the Society to undertake the work, a picked Missionary party, fully equipped with every appliance both for the arduous march before them and for a settlement far in the interior, stood on the shores of the great Continent. The following were its members:—Lieutenant G. Shergold Smith, R.N., who had served in the Ashanti campaign, and whose heart, while he was in Africa, had been much drawn out in sympathy for the Negro race; the Rev. C. T. Wilson, Curate of St. James's, Collyhurst, Manchester; Mr. Thos. O'Neill, Diocesan Architect, Cork; Mr. Alexander M. Mackay, a Scotch gentleman engaged in mechanical engineering works near Berlin; Dr. John Smith, of the Edinburgh Medical Mission; and Mr. W. Robertson, a blacksmith and industrial teacher. In addition to these, a railway contractor's engineer, Mr. G. J. Clark, was engaged to establish an intermediate station some 200 miles from the coast. A builder at Newcastle, Mr. James Robertson, had also, at his earnest wish, been allowed to accompany the Mission; but his health was not such as to warrant the Committee informally accepting him; and he succumbed to his first attack of fever, soon after landing at Zanzibar.

The usual starting-point of caravans for the interior is Bagamoyo, a place on the coast opposite the Island of Zanzibar. From thence the track lies across a marshy plain for a distance of several days' journey, and then gradually rises towards the highlands of Usagara, in which, at a place called Mpwapwa, 230 miles from the coast, and 3,000 feet above the sea level, it was proposed to fix the intermediate station. The ordinary route then proceeds westward, upon the great interior plateau, crossing two wide strips of waterless country, and passing through the densely populated district of Ugogo, after which it enters the country of Unyamuezi, in which, some 550 miles from the coast, is the great centre of East African trade, Kazeh or Unyanyembe, the head-quarters of an Arab governor under the Sultan of Zanzibar. From this place three routes diverge: one continuing westward to Ujiji, on Lake Tanganika; the second trending north-west through Uzinza to Karagué; the third, nearly due north, the route taken by Speke in 1858, when he first saw Lake Victoria. But Stanley, on his second expedition (the one so recently completed), had diverged from the main track some 200 miles short of Unyanyembe, at a place called Mukondoku, on the western edge of Ugogo, and from thence had struck out a new route nearly N.N.W., direct to the southern end of the Lake, through Ukimba and Usukuma; and this route the C. M. S. party also ultimately followed.

For some weeks the general preparations for the journey were in active progress at Zanzibar. The baggage of the party, and the goods and appliances of various kinds needed for a permanent settlement in the interior, had to be carefully packed in loads of 60 to 70 lbs., convenient for being carried by the *pagaazis* or porters. The *Daisy*, a small steam launch of light draught, built in water-tight compartments, was taken to pieces, and its several sections cut asunder and slung on poles, to be carried on to the Lake. A small engine and boiler, specially designed for the Lake, had been brought with it from England. Above all, the money had to be obtained, and disposed likewise in loads; for the only currency in the interior is either

cotton cloth—the *merikani* (American make) being most used—or brass wire of different kinds. The wages of the men, their daily rations, the *hongo*, or toll demanded by certain tribes on the route, and any purchases of food at the villages, must all be paid in this bulky "coin," which itself required a large additional number of porters to carry it. And no small part of the labour of preparation consisted in the hiring of these *pagaazis*, as readers of Speke and Stanley will understand. Most of them were Wasukuma, natives of Usukuma,* an extensive country, lying south of Lake Victoria. They come down to the coast with ivory caravans, and then are glad of an engagement for the return journey.

The expedition proceeded from Bagamoyo to Mpwapwa in four divisions. The first, under Mr. O'Neill and Mr. Clark, started on July 14th; the second, under Mr. Wilson and Mr. Robertson, on July 29th; the third, under Mr. Mackay, on August 29th; and the last, under Lieut. Smith and Dr. Smith, on September 14th. Each party took from five to six weeks to reach Mpwapwa; and the first two were at that place before the fourth had started. As our sketches are Mr. O'Neill's, we shall follow his narrative of the journey as far as possible.

First Sketch.

THE START FROM KIKOKA.

KIKOKA was the first stopping place after leaving Bagamoyo. But, as will be seen, Mr. O'Neill and Mr. Clark went this stage alone, with only a guide, leaving their caravan to follow them. The sketch, therefore, which shows the departure from Kikoka three days later, really gives us a view of the first actual start of their party all together. We begin our extracts, however, with the march from Bagamoyo to Kikoka.

July 15th, 6.45 a.m.

Clark and I are on the march, with Juma, a Fundi, as a guide; he had his gun with him, for which he was most anxious to get powder to have a shot at parting, which is the height of an African's enjoyment. Clark carries his rifle, and I my double fowlingpiece, with four lb. of shot and flask, a havresack, with some fruit and bullets. Smith's idea was, that by the leader moving off the pagazi would all bundle up and follow, and that by this means we would get them out of the town, and so could form them as I liked outside.

We proceed on our march, and flounder and plunge through the mud and marsh for several miles, until we become tired, and cry out for "Kikoka," the village where we are to encamp. We are encouraged at each turn of the path with the information that it is near—until at last we despair of ever reaching it. We arrived at 11.45. The only hut, properly so called, we entered, and saw the master—an Arab or half-caste. He politely got out a kitanda, or skeleton bedstead, with laced rope bottom, and spreading a mat, invited us to rest under the verandah, and supplied a drink of water in a very long mug, into which I dipped my pocket filter, and enjoyed a long and thoroughly refreshing drink. Heavy rain came on; the verandah let in as much as it kept out, and I believe so did many parts of the house also, so we had to beat a retreat, under a shed, in the

* It may be well here to explain that in the East African languages the prefixes *U*, *Wa*, *M*, *Ki*, denote respectively the country, the people, an individual, and the language. Thus, *Uganda*, the country; *Waganda*, the people of Uganda; *Mganda*, one of the Waganda; *Kiganda*, the language of Uganda.

back, got off boots and stockings, rolled up wet trousers, and prepared to *enjoy* our well earned rest. Very cold while rain lasted, and I got a cramp in the thick part of the leg which made me jump about for half an hour, greatly to the delight of the grinning natives, who, of course not understanding the reason, thought I was going through a dance—a very unpleasant one to me, for I felt the pain for several days afterwards.

The old Arab gets us a roasted fowl and some boiled rice, all very greasy looking, but to hungry men most acceptable. We eat it as best we can, having only our pocket knives—no spoons or forks. In the evening a messenger arrived from the coast, bringing a canteen, with some tea and coffee (no sugar), but fortunately some cocoa, made up with milk. Lieut. Smith, notwithstanding his clever arrangement, could not get one of the pagazi to start; a bad look out for us, as we are without a change of clothing, with boots, socks, and trousers wet from wading. Sent back a note to this effect, asking for blankets. Night comes on. No pagazi with tents, beds, or clothing—we despair of any rest this night, and dread the consequences of the wet and cold. To go into the house is out of the question; it is crowded by the man's family and servants, nor, considering the vermin and the smoke, is it a very desirable place to pass a night. We therefore decide to remain under the open shed and make a fire, boil water, and get a cup of prepared cocoa. The inventor of that beverage was a real benefactor of his kind! We felt somewhat revived, and so set to work to dry what we could of our clothes, socks, and boots. We now hear there are thieves about here, stealing guns, &c. We must, therefore, keep watch and watch during the night.

Clark ties up his feet—one in a pocket handkerchief, and the other in the puggies of his hat—to keep warm in some degree, and prevent mosquitoes from biting. He lies down at 9 o'clock to have the first sleep. Poor fellow, he shivers as he does so with cold. His dress is a cotton suit, with trousers half dried. Without covering of any kind, on a straw mat, under an open shed, he sleeps soundly until midnight. I succeed in drying my thick woollen socks (not without burning a large hole in the sole of one). I put them on; a great comfort, as I had been bare-footed since my arrival. My trousers are still wet; I don't like to dry them at the fire, for fear of rheumatism. Clark's boy spreads his mat beside the fire, and goes off to sleep. I alone am left to keep watch and ward, and commune with my own thoughts, and nothing could exceed the lonely desolate feeling of that hour.

July 16th. Sunday.

Having had my turn of rest (on Clark arising in the middle of the night)—and real sound sleep I had—I awoke with the *lark*, that is if there is such a thing here. At daylight got up (that is rolled myself off the kitanda), cold and stiff about the joints; gave a shake, stirred up fire, got on water, made cup of prepared cocoa, and found myself as fresh as a daisy.

This is our first Sunday on the march, so we make our service of prayers in the early morning, surrounded by our Mahomedan followers. We offer up to the throne of the Heavenly Grace a fervent thanksgiving for the gracious goodness and love that has preserved us through the night, and against every human theory given us health and provided for our wants. While our Heavenly Father continues to bless us with His protection we are as safe here as in our own island homes. During the day three pagazi come in with stores and bedding; afterwards our boxes and the tent arrive, with a note from Smith. It is like getting our morning newspaper. We seem to feel we are yet within the pale of civilization.

July 17th.

In the middle of the day we hear an uncertain bugle sound, and shortly after our whole company troop into the camp, the women being well up, and the rear brought up by Mahomed

with the punda (donkey), with which he tells me he had no end of trouble to get through the marshes and sinks, with which we were made so unpleasantly familiar on Saturday last in our march thither. This arrival adds much to our comforts.

After tea Clark got out his concertina, and commenced playing. The tembé, or enclosure, to the hut quickly filled with pleased and grinning faces. They seated themselves in rows. He sang and played for an hour or so, much to their delight, and when bed time came they withdrew, with a thankful good night, as a pleased audience would from the best musical entertainment.

July 18th.

At 8-30 o'clock I sounded the advance on our bugle, and we all marched off, shaking hands with Abdullah, and leaving him three rupees for the use we made of his place, and the hospitality we enjoyed on the first day of our arrival. Clark got off in advance; I remained behind to see all fairly off.

Second Sketch.

THE CAMP AT ROSAKO.

THE next encampment was in the jungle; but on the following day they reached the village of Rosako. It will be observed that the usual plan was to start early in the morning, march till 10 a.m. or so, and then, having pitched the camp for that day, take breakfast.

July 19th.

Enter the village of Rosako. One hut larger than the rest is the chief's. He was from home, visiting other of his villages, of which he has several, being head man of the "Wakwéré." His name "Pazi." His name deserves to be recorded, as his villages would do credit to any ruler; clean in every respect, huts well kept, and ground between and around them free from every thing that could offend; even where fires had been lighted, the spaces were carefully swept up. The fire is made by cutting a T shaped channel in the ground, over which the wood fire is lighted, the air passing through causes the fire to become quite bright in a short time, and when the channel fills up with embers, they put on the pot, which appears to boil up readily.

We sat down to wait the arrival of our tent and boxes. In the course of half-an-hour our followers came trooping in. A few minutes more and our tent was standing in the village square, as I suppose I should call it. Then breakfast of rice and curried eggs, which seems to be a standing dish with our cook. Here we buy a quantity of rice from the chief's brother; then we make the first use of our cloths for exchange. We are now done with money in the coin form. We walk outside. We find the village occupying the top of a small hill, quite surrounded by a thick bush, which is made almost impregnable by the interlacing of thorny underwood. The site has been selected with taste and judgment, and would do no discredit to a military engineer. In the valley outside, the evidence of extensive cultivation of millet and maize, some standing, but more generally gathered in. On the whole we are greatly pleased with Rosako, and we had our favourable opinion conveyed to the chief through his brother, rather a dull looking fellow, but who seemed thoroughly to understand and appreciate our compliment.

Third Sketch.

RAPIDS ON THE WAMI.

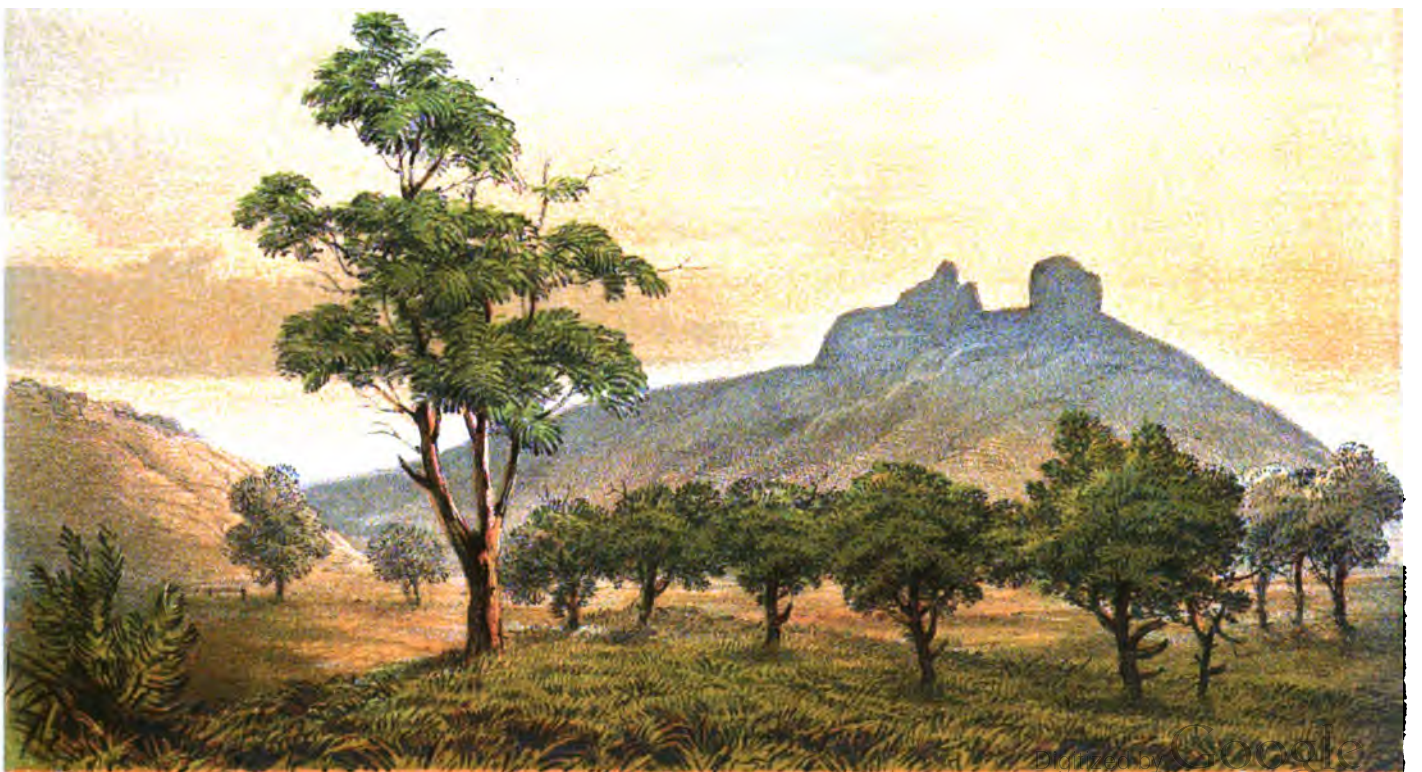
THE Wami is a river descending from the Usagara highlands, and falling into the sea near Saadani, opposite the northern end of the Island of Zanzibar. It had been hoped that, by means of the *Daisy*, this river might have



Thomas O'Neill del.

RAPIDS ON THE WAMI RIVER.

Vincent Brooks Day & Son, Lith.



Thomas O'Neill del.

VIEW IN THE NGURU MOUNTAINS, NEAR MAMRO ON THE WAMI.

Vincent Brooks Day & Son, Lith.



Thomas O'Neill, del.

Vincent Brooks Day & Son, Lith.

VIEW FROM THE C.M.S. CAMP, MKUNDI RIVER, USAGARA, LOOKING EAST.



Thomas O'Neill, del.

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Vincent Brooks Day & Son, Lith.

C. M. S. CAMP AT MAGUBIKA, USAGARA.

proved an easy way of getting over the first part of the route; but its shallowness in many places (except after the rains), its tortuosity, and the rapidity of its currents, prevented its being available. On August 2nd the caravan approached the river from the south-east, and for two or three days the path followed its right, or southern bank.

August 6th.

We visited the Wami, and found a very fine river, but here shallow, by reason of a rocky bed of the hardest granite, causing a rapid of three falls not exceeding in all six feet, and with barely nine inches to cover the surface in the deepest spot; width, about thirty feet; length of rapids, as far as I could see, about 200 yards. We had heard before at the village of Kivoga of these rapids, but Brahiem, the chief, thought a boat could run over them at any state of the river. If these are the only obstructions to the navigation of the river, they do not present an insuperable difficulty—a little engineering would soon remove them. The villagers appear all absent. I understand they are in the bush, gathering in their crops. I noticed raised platforms, for watching the fields, to guard against the attacks of wild beasts or enemies. Took quinine to-night, as we are in the valley of the Wami, which has a bad reputation, and the smell from the jungles is at times most offensive.

Fourth Sketch.

VIEW IN THE NGURU MOUNTAINS.

August 4th.

The march to-day was an interesting one; the country undergoing a change—first flat, then upland; lastly, granite boulders cropping up, from one of these, where we had a short rest, I made a sketch. The distance in our front being bounded by a magnificent mountain range with a peculiar knob, which I thought had some resemblance to the "Claimant" (Tichborne). The village, Mamro, is being newly built, the old one further back from the road being now abandoned. The new town, although covering only a small area—the community being a small one—is divided into two distinct sections by a wall and range of huts across the centre, the external form being an irregular polygon; the huts are strongly put together with stakes and wattles, and well dubbed and smoothly plastered with red clay, dug up on the site, and well tempered into a tough paste, made up into balls, and pressed between the wattles from the inside, finer material being dubbed against the partly dried stuff and plastered smooth with the palm of the hand. They are all built square (although the fashion of recently visited places shows a circular arrangement), and the roofs are flat, having beams of timber with a layer of the leaves of the fan palm and covered with clay made smooth, so that the inhabitants walk about on the top.

Fifth Sketch.

VIEW FROM CAMP AT MKUNDI RIVER.

On the 5th of August, they crossed the Wami, at a point where it makes a large bend to the east. Above this, the stream is known as the Mukondokwa, and flows from south-west to north-east, through the Makata Valley. The crossing of the river was effected by means of a bridge, a picture and account of which appeared in the *Church Missionary Gleaner* of August, 1877. A long march across the valley brought them to the foot of the Usagara highlands, and on the 8th they encamped at Mkundi, by

the river of the same name, a stream which, flowing south-east, falls into the Wami. The Fifth Sketch is taken from this place, and looks back over the country they had traversed. The Kagura Hills are seen in the foreground, and the Nguru Mountains in the distance, beyond a flat plain, which plain is the Makata Valley.

8th August.

Our present camp, on the slope of a hill, from which the granite crops out in bold round knobs, with a beautiful river, called by the natives "M'Kondi," not shewn on any map, but a considerable stream varying from 40 to 60 feet wide, fordable now in this dry season—say a couple of feet in depth—but after the rains it must be a big river. It runs in a southerly direction to the Wami. The country where we now are is hilly in every direction, with numerous villages, all apparently comfortable—as far as comfort in Africa goes, that is—good matams and mahindi fields with patches of tobacco, beans, and pumpkins. Along the banks of the river grows the banana, the fruit of which the people eat both boiled and raw. The wet of to-day has rendered everything truly miserable. Any one "trying to be jolly under difficulties" would have a rare chance here. He had better try it after a long march through the high wet grass of an African jungle, and if he succeeds, Mark Topley's reputation is gone for ever.

9th August.

On awaking this morning we are informed that the foreman, Fundi Baraka, "very bad in stomach"—cannot travel this day. Evidently we are in for a day's stay, as we cannot move and leave our man behind. So we have our breakfast, and with our sketch books walk to the top of the hill behind the camp, and certainly it would repay a lover of nature the trouble of travel to enjoy such a scene. In our front rose a splendid hill rich in colour, wooded to the summit, and running off into a chain of slight elevation, with range after range as a back ground of blue and purple—the last of the "Nguru" range. The distant horizon bounded by a lofty range of conical peaks; the middle distance a vast plain covered with jungle, but having open patches of bright green, streaked with the yellow grass and reeds; the distant Wami extending in a semi-circle through the great flat, marked by a line of mist in the morning sun. On the other hand, the distant blue and grey chain of Usagara bounds the view, the tops lost in cloud. I made a couple of sketches, but felt with regret my inability to do anything like justice to such a glorious scene.

Sixth Sketch.

CAMP AT MAGUBIKA.

This is not the Magubika marked in the map, nearer the coast, on the road to Saadani, but a place a little west of Mkundi. Nothing of interest is related of it.*

In arranging the pictures, the exceptional size of the seventh necessitated its appearing out of its proper place. The two views from Mkundi—the 5th and 7th sketches—should come together, before Magubika.

Seventh Sketch.

PANORAMIC VIEW FROM CAMP AT MKUNDI.

This is the other view from Mkundi, mentioned in the extract last given from the journal. It looks west and north-

* Since the above was in type, we have heard that Magubika has acquired a sad and sacred interest by the death there, on April 10th, 1878, of Mr. Tytherleigh, a young carpenter sent with a later party, from the effects of an accident.

west, while its companion (No. 5) looks east. The encampment at Mkundi is seen on the right, and the river of the same name, up which the men are wading. Mr. O'Neill's account is but meagre in this part of the journey; but Mr. Wilson, who headed the second caravan, mentions the wading of his men up the "broad, shallow river." The route crosses the hills on the left of the river, and continues over a pass which is not seen in the picture, but which is a little to the right of the large tree in the centre of the sketch, beyond the hills. The lofty mountains in the background are the Usagara range.

The highlands over which the route now lay are thus noticed by Mr. O'Neill:—

11th August.

Up at daylight, dressed, packed up, struck tent, swallowed a cup of cocoa, and on the march at half-past six o'clock, just as the sun appeared over the range of hills we had crossed the previous day. We walked on through the jungle, up hill and down dale, with many steep bits of granite rock to cross, where it cropped up, passing through, and beholding on all sides scenes of great beauty. From every height we saw that the horizon was bounded by lofty grey and blue mountain ranges—those of 'Usagara' coming into view on more than one occasion. I remarked a wonderful likeness in many of the hill ranges—the same arrangement of cones, with rounded or saddle-backed stretches between them: as regards the lower ranges, all wooded, and as like each other as beans. In one respect the early part of our march was rendered rather disagreeable: in the neighbourhood of four or five camps, and in many of the open spaces in the jungle, the smell from dead bodies, left by passing caravans, was most offensive, and at times sickening; my pipe was kept constantly in requisition. Even near our camp of last night there was one of these; of course we could form no idea of its proximity, nor did we at first perceive the odour, but with certain puff of the wind it made itself painfully felt. As we went to bed I heard the howl of the hyenas—native scavengers—at their hideous work.

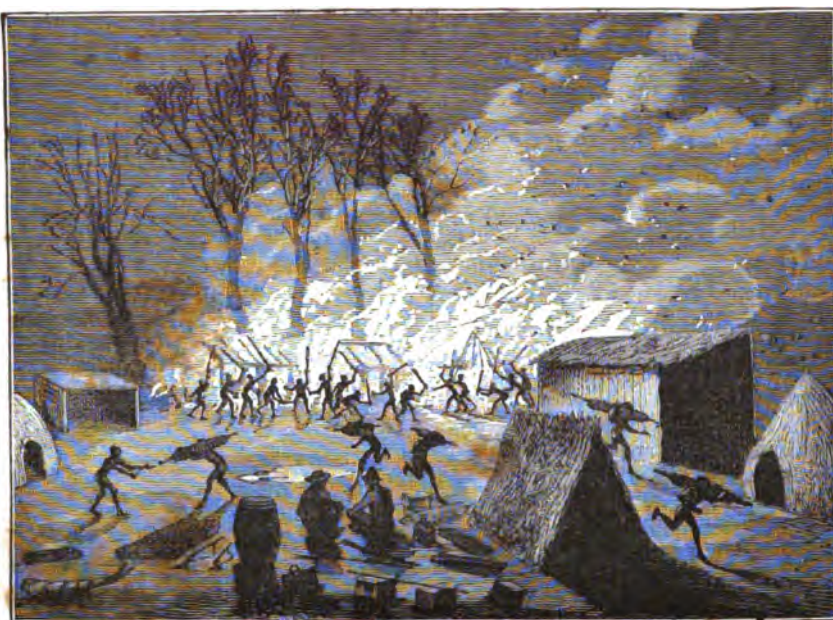
The report having got abroad that the Msungu (foreigner) could cure all diseases, applicants for "white man's medicine" were numerous everywhere. They would take no denial on the ground of the disease being beyond Msungu's skill; and Mr. O'Neill says: "We are obliged to follow the example of the quacks at home: look grave, examine tongue or pulse, and give anything we have at hand—brandy, castor oil, pyretic saline, or baking soda—and assure our patients they will be 'all right in the

morning;' and ten chances to one they will be." One case, however, he refused to meddle with:—

12th August.

We were aroused before day-break, this morning, by the very (to us) unusual cries of an infant; the little stranger having just arrived at that time. I should have felt very much obliged to the interesting individual had he postponed his advent for three or four days, for as it is he has caused the loss of this day for marching, the mother not being able to move. Strictly speaking, the man and woman to whom he belongs are not part of my caravan, but people who have attached themselves to us some ten or twelve days ago; the man is an old traveller (a doctor or maganga), who can make rain, &c.,—a queer sort of old fellow, with a grown-up family of three or four sons, travelling with him; hearing that we were going to the Nyanza, he stated he was a native of Usukuma, on the southern shores of the lake, and that he knew all the best roads and short cuts

through the country; I therefore proposed engaging him as guide, his employment to commence on our arrival at Mpwapwa—this is how he and his wife came to be of our party. He prayed me that I would not leave him behind, the next two marches being through jungle, where the Wamasai have recently been making raids and cutting off and murdering all stragglers from caravans. Knowing this to be the case, I consented to remain, and as to-morrow will be Sunday, she will have the advantage of two days' rest. About 10 o'clock the old fellow came again to me and expressed a wish that I would see his wife, as she was very bad. I



FIRE IN CAMP. FROM A SKETCH BY MR. G. J. CLARK.

feared to interfere in such a case as this, and recommended that he should go into the adjoining village and get some experienced woman to come and attend to her. He went for the purpose, but afterwards found out that he brought the village doctor, who gave her some medicine (?).

13th August.

Our first news was, that the child born yesterday had died during the night; its father had dug a grave within his hut and buried it. In two hours more the mother died. I am not surprised at either event after the treatment of our village quack.

One casualty of this part of the journey was a fire in the camp, represented in the annexed wood-cut, from a sketch by Mr. Clark. Mr. O'Neill writes:—

14th August.

In the middle of the night we were aroused by loud shouting, and opening our eyes, were astonished to find our camp on fire. The flames had already extended over the whole of the fundi's huts, and threatened our property. I rushed out and found our tent commencing to singe, so had it pulled down, and the beds

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and property removed beyond the reach of the fire. Then set men to work, with tree branches, to beat down the raging flames, as they licked up the dry grass, and approached the hut in which all our stores were kept, tearing away the adjoining hut. In this we were successful. Mahomed had lost his head; he danced and shouted like a maniac, calling for water. Fortunately my phlegmatic nature enabled me to act with coolness in this emergency, or our further progress would have been a difficulty, for want of funds. For the rest of the night I slept on the ground, in the open air, and slept soundly.

During the latter part of this section of the journey, Mr. O'Neill and Mr. Clark both suffered severely from fever. Two-days painful travelling are thus described by the former:—

22nd August.

We started at half-past seven. I first made an effort to walk, but found I could not support the weight of my body on my legs, which seemed to have lost all power of doing their duty. I next tried to ride the donkey, but in this I succeeded no better; I could not keep my seat, and should certainly have fallen off had I not been caught by a couple of our men who were with me; there appeared nothing for it but to be carried. I lay on the ground until a hammock was constructed for me, with long pole and a blanket; into this I got, and was securely tied up; several of my fundi volunteered to be my bearers; fortunately, for me, they were willing to do so, as the Wanyamuezi pagazi have a great objection to carry anyone. At first I got on very well, but being confined to one position, with little air, a hot sun sending his burning rays down on my hot head, which seemed as if a powerful force-pump was sending all the blood in my body into it, without any chance of its getting out again; then the binding ropes cut into my flesh, stopping the circulation, and causing the most intense pain; and this continued until half-past six in the evening, with a short rest—and a most grateful one to me, between 10 and 11 o'clock, when the men got some food, but I could eat nothing. We had marched fast and had overtaken some other caravans which were on the road before us. At night we made a camp in the jungle. I have some recollection of a splendid cluster of hills in front of our camp, but the whole scene was to my mind like a troubled dream, and I found relief from my sufferings in a death-like sleep, from which I could not be roused.

23rd August.

At a quarter past six this morning we again started, and I resumed my position in the improvised hammock of the previous day. Mile after mile my carriers trudged along. I swayed backward and forward with every step, going through the same torture, or even more, for the ground was very uneven; at times, as we crossed gullies and streams, or passed over rocks, I was at an incline of 45 degrees; sometimes heels up and head down, and then again in the reverse position.

Eighth Sketch.

MPWAPWA.

At length, on August 24th, they reached Mpwapwa, where Mr. Clark was to settle, and where Mr. O'Neill waited for the arrival of the other caravans. Of this place, before leaving it to continue his journey, Mr. O'Neill wrote as follows:—

I must say that I was greatly pleased with Mpwapwa, and think it a well chosen site for a missionary establishment. The position chosen for the house is a good healthy one, at an elevation of about 4,000 feet over sea level—on the slope of a hill

range which rises at its back to a height of about 6,000 feet. In front, commencing at the foot of the hill, say about a quarter of a mile distant, commences an extensive and slightly undulating plain, the greater part covered by a dense jungle, well stocked with all kinds of game large and small; the extent I should estimate at about thirty miles in length, and nearly the same wide. The aspect of the house is westerly; the distance bounded by a range of mountains containing several conical peaks; while on the south is the lofty Rubeho range, intensely blue; the Mpwapwa stretching along the north. In the morning these were gilded with orange, while at the sunsets, which were most gorgeous, a deep purple blue settled on the scene. The plain was dark green where the forests prevailed. The bare places, at this season, looked rather dry and dusty from the burning up of the long grass under the torrid rays of the great orb of day, who here exercises his power with mighty force. On the plain to the north-east I counted some twenty-six villages, and on the hill slope there were seven or eight more. A river issues from the mountain range and takes its course at the foot of the hill on which the house was built, but now it is for the most part a dry, sandy way, looking from our camp like a great high road. At the end, where it enters on the plain, there is always fresh and clear water, although by digging into the sand water can be found on most of its course. The villages generally consist of a square of houses or huts, built of stakes, wattles, and clay daubing; the centre, a courtyard for cattle, and the surrounding huts, when seen from the outside, looking like a single house, but generally containing a dozen families or more.

The cattle, goats and sheep, which are here numerous, are always driven within the enclosures for security; and calves and lambs and even larger cattle are sometimes lodged in the same apartments as the family. The leopards are here numerous and daring. On our first arrival our donkey strayed out at night, and was attacked at once by one which tried to pull her down, the traces of his nails being seen in the skin of her neck deeply cut in, and a flank partly torn out; but she, being an ass of spirit and experience, did not feel disposed to submit to treatment which was likely or certainly to terminate in furnishing a meal to the *chui*, as they are called, and made good use of her heels both by kicking and running, getting into safe quarters, which she was wise enough not to leave again at night during the remainder of her stay in these parts; so it will be seen that even donkeys can learn sense. I encountered one of these spotted gentry myself one night that I took a short walk out in the moonlight before going to bed. At about forty yards from our tent a large panther sat crouching in the path I was walking on. I approached him to within a few yards before noticing him, when it may be safely assumed I retired without loss of time. On reaching the tent, I possessed myself of my rifle, and returned again to see my friend, but he had in the meantime changed his quarters. I thought I observed him crouching near a bush; I took aim and fired, but I must have been mistaken as to his identity the second time (about the first meeting; however, there is no doubt). Some week or so after this another of this fraternity paid us a visit. This time he put his claw through a hole in the tembé, which we had lately occupied, and killed a fine goat, but was not able to drag it out, as the opening was too small. This was early: not half-an-hour after sunset, and within twenty yards of where we were sitting in our tent.

Ninth Sketch.

VIEW FROM MPWAPWA.

This picture, which looks westward, shows us the country to be first traversed on leaving Mpwapwa. In the distance are the Rubeho Mountains, the furthest boundary of

Usagara. The route skirts the foot of the hills in the centre of the picture.

Mr. O'Neill's journal from this point has not reached us. The remaining sketches must be explained by extracts from his letters and those of other members of the party.

At Mpwapwa the four caravans were combined to form two. Mr. O'Neill and Mr. Wilson, with the first, went forward on October 7th; Lieut. Smith, Dr. Smith, and Mr. Mackay, with the second, on October 21st. Mr. W. Robertson had gone back to the coast in broken health; and a fortnight after leaving Mpwapwa, Mr. Mackay also, sorely against his will, was sent back by Dr. Smith's orders. Mackay, however, quickly recovered his strength, and has laboured most usefully on the coast ever since; and now he is on his way into the interior again.

—◆—
Tenth Sketch.

CAMP IN UGOGO.

From the 10th to the 20th of October, Mr. O'Neill's party was in Ugogo. The picture is only dated "October," and we do not know the name of the place it represents. In a letter dated December 29th, Mr. O'Neill briefly notices this part of the journey:—

We left Mpwapwa on October 7th, and reached Chunyo the same evening. The following day and night and part of the second day we marched continuously across the Marenga Mkali and into Ugogo (forty-one miles without stopping). In Ugogo we commenced paying hongo, and before we left it we had to pay to eight kings, each of whom delayed us two or three days before we could arrange what was to be given. They are a most grasping set, and the people generally idle and vain. After a few marches I got a fresh attack of fever, and had them constantly during our continuance in this country until we reached Ushoré, having to be frequently carried, or ride on a donkey; so that my mind is rather confused about many parts through which we passed. After marching for eight days through a dense jungle, we reached the village of Ushoré. Here we were detained for more than two weeks, while the jungle in our front was being examined, as the Eugu-Rugu—a band of robbers (part of the celebrated Mirambo's followers)—infested it, and had attacked another caravan, which they followed, cutting off stragglers. Here we had a note from Lieut. Smith, informing us that he was within a few days' march of us, but short of provisions. I sent off Wilson to his relief with 300 rations, and marched myself the following morning, passing through the jungle by forced marches of twelve to fourteen hours a-day, and reaching Nguru on 3rd December.

—◆—
Eleventh Sketch.

NGURU, IN USUKUMA.

At Nguru a long halt took place. The Wasukuma porters were now in their own country. They had reached the point to which they considered they had engaged to go; and on the camp being pitched, "they put down their loads, donned themselves in their best clothes, and, taking their guns and spears, came and said good-bye." The expedition was thus at a stand-still; and Lieut. Smith, leaving the rest at Nguru on December 12th, walked 96 miles to the south-west, to Unyanyembe, to engage fresh

porters, and also to purchase more cloth to pay them with. He hoped to be but a few days, but five weeks afterwards he was still at Unyanyembe, with the endless bargains and negotiations still unfinished, and himself much weakened by successive attacks of the fever for which that place is notorious. Ultimately, however, he finished the business, and got back to Nguru on January 31st, 1877, "in a very bad state," wrote Dr. Smith, "with most obstinate fever and diarrhoea."

In the meantime, just after Christmas, O'Neill and Wilson had gone forward from Nguru, in light marching order, with only twenty men; and on January 29th, with joy and thankfulness, they stood on the shore of the Victoria Nyanza. Mr. O'Neill wrote as follows:—

Kagei, Jan. 29th, 1877.

I am now able to announce our arrival at the Victoria Nyanza, after a tedious journey of thirty-one days from Nguru, the distance being about 125 miles. We had expected to have accomplished this stage in fourteen or sixteen days, but, owing to the many delays which we experienced from our pagaazi stopping at villages from various causes, sometimes sickness, but more frequently whim, we could not get on; and were obliged to submit, or they would leave us in a worse plight by running away from us. The whole distance travelled over is studded with villages, nicely situated, and surrounded by green hedges of euphorbia; altogether, the country is a fine open one, with much cattle, and well cultivated, every village having a considerable breadth of land sown with Indian corn or millet, and everywhere water is abundant. I should say it would by proper management become a very rich country; but the great drawback is the absence of any king or ruler recognized over the entire country. Kings there are in abundance, for every village we passed had one, but there is no central authority.

The sight of the deep blue waters of Nyanza was to us most cheering this day, after our long land journey.

Lieut. Smith and Dr. Smith followed; but both of them were very ill, and had to be carried the whole way from Nguru to the Lake. In addition to this, their porters robbed them and deserted wholesale; and altogether this was to them the most trying part of the whole journey. They were 47 days getting over the distance, not 150 miles, and arrived at Kagei* on April 1st.

On the subject of travelling experiences in Africa, Mr. O'Neill very justly remarked, in a later letter, "No two travellers will ever give the same account of Africa; and until a more regular, civilized manner of travelling is introduced, men will differ in their estimate of the difficulties, just as they are fortunate or otherwise in overcoming them."

—◆—
Twelfth Sketch.

GRAVE OF DR. SMITH AT KAGEI.

While they were at Kagei, it pleased God to lay His hand very heavily upon the little party. Their number had already been reduced to four, and now one of the four was removed. On May 11th Dr. John Smith entered into rest. His death was indeed a mysterious providence. He was but twenty-five years of age, and few men seemed more fitted in every way for the service of the Great

* This place has been variously spelt—Kagei, Kagi, Kageye, Kagechi, Kageyeh.



Thomas O'Neill, del.

C. M. S. CAMP IN WESTERN UGOGO...

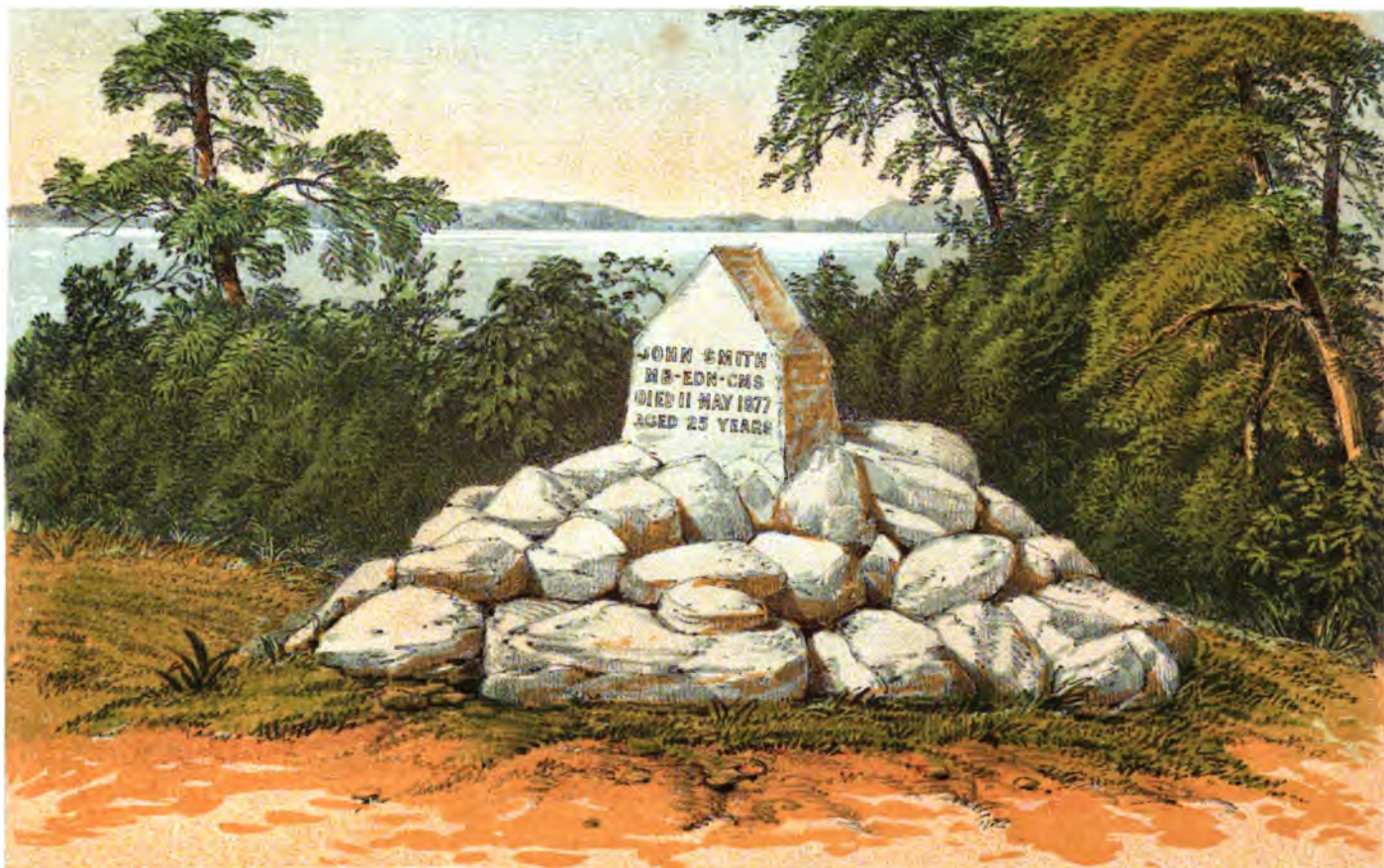
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NGURU, CAPITAL OF USUKUMA.

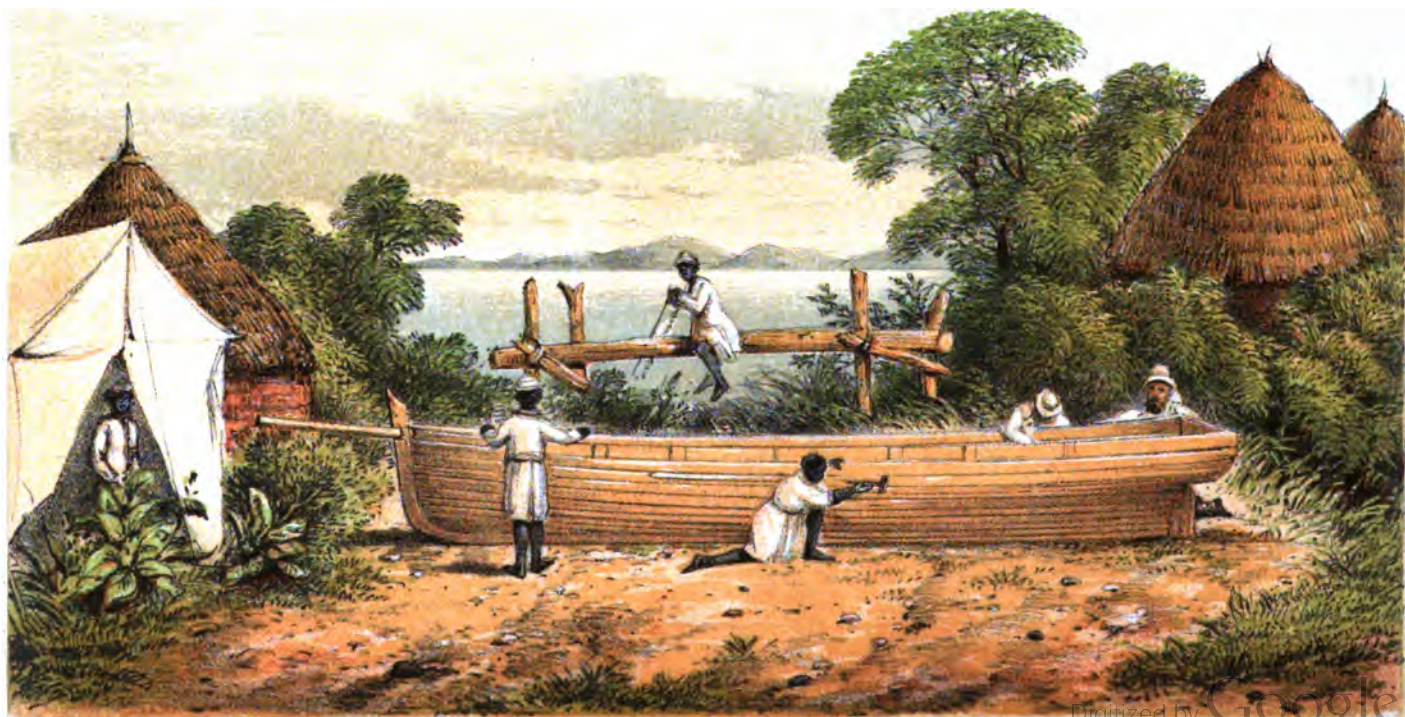
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Thomas O'Neill, del.

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GRAVE OF DR JOHN SMITH AT KAGEI



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REPAIRING THE DAISY AT KAGEI

Physician, whether at home or abroad. He had worked most devotedly among the poor of Edinburgh, in connection with the Medical Mission, and was known and loved by a large circle of Christian people in that city; but he left all, at the invitation of his old friend Mackay, to be a physician both of bodies and of souls in Central Africa. He suffered less than any other of the party during the first eight months, and after ordering Mr. Mackay back to the coast on the score of illness, he himself pressed forward in health and strength; and while Mackay on the coast regained his full vigour, John Smith was struck down on the shore of the great Lake, where his mortal body rests till the Resurrection morn.

Mr. Wilson wrote:—

We have had a terrible loss in the death of Dr. Smith. He died on the 11th instant, of dysentery, quite suddenly. He was worn to a skeleton, poor fellow, and suffered terribly. The immediate cause of death was, I think, failure of the action of the heart from extreme exhaustion. We buried him the same evening near the shores of the Nyanza, I reading the burial service over him. We have had a pile of stone raised over his grave, and we have got a block of sandstone for a headstone, and O'Neill is cutting an inscription on it. Our little party is thus reduced to three. May God raise up faithful men to fill up the gaps!

And Mr. O'Neill:—

So calmly and peacefully did he pass away, we could hardly tell when he had ceased to be one of us, and was numbered in the legions of the Lord whom he loved so well, and strove to serve faithfully to the last. His gentle Christian spirit had endeared him to us all. In him we lose a kind and sincere friend—an earnest and energetic co-partner in our work—a skilful and attentive medical adviser.

Thirteenth Sketch.

REPAIRING THE DAISY AT KAGEI.

At Kagei there was a considerable halt, while preparations were made for crossing the Lake. The chief work was that of putting together the sections of the *Daisy*. These had suffered no little damage on the march; and the difficulty of getting materials for the repairs, as well as the laziness and incapacity of the native workmen, caused wearisome delays. The chief burden fell on Mr. O'Neill. Mr. Wilson thus describes a "day" at Kagei:—

You would like, perhaps, to know how we spend our day here. At six o'clock in the morning a drum beats to arouse us and our men. We get up and go to Smith's hut, where coffee, and bread, and bananas, if to be had, await us, the cook having got up half an hour earlier to get it ready. Our sugar is all gone, so we use honey in its stead, if we can get it. Our bread consists of thin round cakes of flour and water, baked in a pan. At 6:30 the bugle sounds for the men to assemble, when they are drawn up in line and told off to their day's work. The carpenters, under O'Neill's direction, go to work at the boat, the other men to do odd jobs, such as cleaning tools and machinery, mending boxes, &c. I generally then go to bathe. Returned from bathing, I write, or sketch, or read, or do odd jobs; O'Neill looks after his men. The doctor is still weak and low, and has to remain in bed most of the day. At 9:30 the drum beats for the men to go to breakfast, at which time we,

too, profess to have breakfast, but it is often late. Breakfast is more like a dinner than an English breakfast, as it consists chiefly of meat and sweet potatoes, with rice, when we can get it. A cup of coffee and a little bread concludes it. As soon as breakfast is over we have prayers. We begin with a chapter from the Old Testament, then have one from the New Testament, both of which are discussed; then we have extempore prayer, which each offers in turn. On Sundays we have a regular service. After prayers we go again to our several employments, the bugle having been sounded at half-past ten to call the men to their work again. Some time between three and four o'clock we go to dinner, and at five the men stop work. About seven o'clock we have tea, with bread and fruit, and then prayers, in which we follow the same plan as in the morning. We generally go to bed early.

Fourteenth Sketch.

GRANT BAY.

At the southern end of the Victoria Nyanza, is a large island, larger than the Isle of Wight, called Ukerewe—whence, no doubt, the name, "Sea of Ukerewe," under which the Lake was first heard of. The arm of the lake on the south side of the island having been named by Mr. Stanley "Speke Gulf," in honour of its first discoverer, the bay on the north side was named by Lieut. Smith "Grant Bay," after Colonel Grant, Speke's companion in travel.

The very last piece of Smith's writing that we have, scribbled on a small scrap, and dated December 5th, only two days before his death, is as follows:—

We have taken the liberty of calling that fine bay, on the north of Ukerewe Island, "Grant Bay."

It is a leaf none would grudge him if they knew the influence his and Speke's names have had on Central Africa, in raising the name of English to such a pitch, that none since have been able to efface it.

May God spare him long and use him in the cause which I know he has at heart—the highest welfare of the African race.

Grant Bay and Speke Gulf are thus only separated by a narrow strait—"Rugesi."

Ukerewe, which is 25 miles from Kagei, was visited by Mr. Wilson in February, in a canoe sent by the king, Lukongeh, with a present, as soon as he heard of their arrival on the banks of the Lake. Mr. Wilson thus describes his visit:—

On February 8th I left Kagei in one of the canoes which had brought over the king's present, accompanied by Hassani, the interpreter, four of our men, and the king of Kagei. The canoes were formed of trunks of trees hollowed out with the axe, and had planks tied on to them to make them higher, the cracks and seams being stuffed with dead banana-leaves instead of caulking. They were clumsy, rotten old things, and leaked terribly, one man being almost constantly employed in baling out the water. We started about half-past ten and reached the little island of Vezi at a quarter to two. Vezi is a small island about half-way between Ukerewe and this part of the coast. It is very bare and rocky, and abounds in water-fowl. There are a few Natives here who grow a little grain, but subsist mainly by fishing; they also eat flies, which they catch in conical baskets with a long handle attached. On the western side of the island there is a pretty little bay, in which we landed, a we were to pass the night on the island, the canoe-men saying it was too far to Ukerewe to go on that day.

During the night we had a thunderstorm, and the following morning the water was still rough, and we had to wait some hours for the waves to subside. At twenty minutes to twelve we set off. The men kept singing songs most of the way, and one of their songs was thus translated to me:—"Many men are dead; for them we are sorry, for they never saw the white man. We have seen the white man and are glad." I trust before long they will have true cause to be glad that ever they saw the white man.

Soon after three o'clock we arrived off the island, and fired a couple of shots to announce our approach. We then entered a large bay, which runs up into the island on the south. It is exceedingly picturesque, especially on the western side where we entered it. At this point hills come down to the water's edge, ending in abrupt rocky cliffs dotted with shrubs. As you advance further up the bay, the hills gradually recede, leaving a sloping belt of highly-cultivated ground along the coast, on which are numerous villages, surrounded by hedges of cactus, and each with its grove of bananas. The bay itself is dotted with beautifully-wooded islands, abounding in wild fowl. We paddled along the western coast of the bay for some distance, and, after passing through a belt of thorny acacias, which fringes the shore, landed in a swampy little creek, made conspicuous by an immensely tall mahama palm—the only palm, indeed, I saw on the island. We then walked to a village about a mile and a half from where we landed, passing on our way through two large groves of banana trees. It was too early, however, for fruit. At this village we were to pass the night, as the king lived at some distance, and it was getting late. A tembe, or hut, was cleared for my use, and I got my bedding spread out to dry, and got dry myself at a large fire that was burning in the middle of the village. I had rather an uncomfortable night, as the tembe swarmed with rats, which kept racing over me all night, constantly awaking me.

We set off early next morning for the king's village. Our road lay at first across a rocky ridge, from which I got a splendid view of part of the island and of two large bays—one on the north, the other on the south—the one we had entered the previous day, which nearly cut the island in two. Then we descended into jungle abounding in giant cacti, which gave it rather a peculiar appearance. We passed two villages in it, and at the further end I saw plenty of good timber for boat-building, though hard, being mostly acacia. After going about ten miles we came in sight of the king's village, and fired two shots to let him know we were near. Arrived at the village, we were taken to a couple of tembes which had been set apart for my use and that of my attendants, as the king was out at that moment. The village, or town as it might almost be called, consists of a large number of bee-hive-like huts in irregular rows or streets, each standing in its own little garden or enclosure. In the centre of the town is a large space enclosed by a tall hedge of stakes, in which is the king's tembe and those of his wives, of which he has from twenty to thirty. About an hour after our arrival, a messenger came to say that the king had returned and would be glad to see me, so I followed him and found the king in his court-house—a large, circular, open building, with a conical thatched roof—surrounded by his chiefs, about a hundred in all.

The king appeared to be about thirty years of age, rather good-looking for a negro, and decidedly intelligent. A seat was placed for me near him, and conversation began. He asked about our party, how many white men there were, what way we had come, and similar questions; then he asked my name, which both he and his chiefs vainly endeavoured to pronounce, and which got parodied into all sorts of sounds, not the least like the original. He then asked O'Neill's name, and seemed to find no difficulty in that. Soon after this our interview termi-

nated, and I retired to my hut, where I found a fine goat tied up, a present from the king for my dinner.

The Island of Ukerewe is a most promising spot for a mission station. The king is very favourably disposed towards us, is very liberal, and seems really desirous of instruction, though at present of course his desires do not go beyond earthly things. In addition to this the island is very fertile, growing almost anything apparently. It is, I should judge, healthy, there being seemingly no swamps and plenty of high ground. Food is cheap, and land, I should say, could easily be got, for much of the island, even down to the water's edge, is jungle. A man stationed here would not only find plenty of work on the island itself, but, if possessed of a good boat, an indispensable addition to the station, could visit the neighbouring islands and shores of the mainland to make known the Gospel.

Fifteenth Sketch.

BUILDING YARD, UKEREWE.

On the island of Ukerewe a half-finished dhow was found, which had been five years in building, for the use of an Arab trader named Songoro. On arriving at Kagei, Lieutenant Smith went over to Ukerewe to see it, and ultimately purchased it, with a view to its employment, when complete, in the conveyance of heavier goods than the *Daisy* could well take. On June 15th, the *Daisy* being at last ready for sea, the whole party removed from Kagei to Ukerewe, to make the island their head-quarters while finishing the dhow.

This picture shows the final preparations going on before removal across the Lake to Uganda. In the centre is the large dhow purchased from Songoro; on the right is a little dingy; and behind is the *Daisy*. The following, from Lieut. Smith, illustrates the troubles of boat-building in Central Africa:—

Kagei, Oct. 12th.

The past month has been one of patch-work, the dhow discovering here and there decayed pieces of plank, and the *Daisy* complaining in a similar manner. It requires a giant's strength unless well clothed with paint, which our boats are not, to withstand the fierce rending power of the sun, and the no less expanding influence of the rain. Gravo faces too often came to say, "Come and look;" and, the consultation over the diseased piece of timber generally ended in, "Take it out." The dingy (the *O'Neill*) has now been launched, and, though rather crank, will make a very useful little attendant on the dhow. Sail-making and fitting the rigging for the dhow has mostly employed the men.

Although none of Mr. O'Neill's sketches take us to the northern side of the Lake—for he never crossed—we must here briefly recount the visit of Lieut. Smith and Mr. Wilson to Uganda.

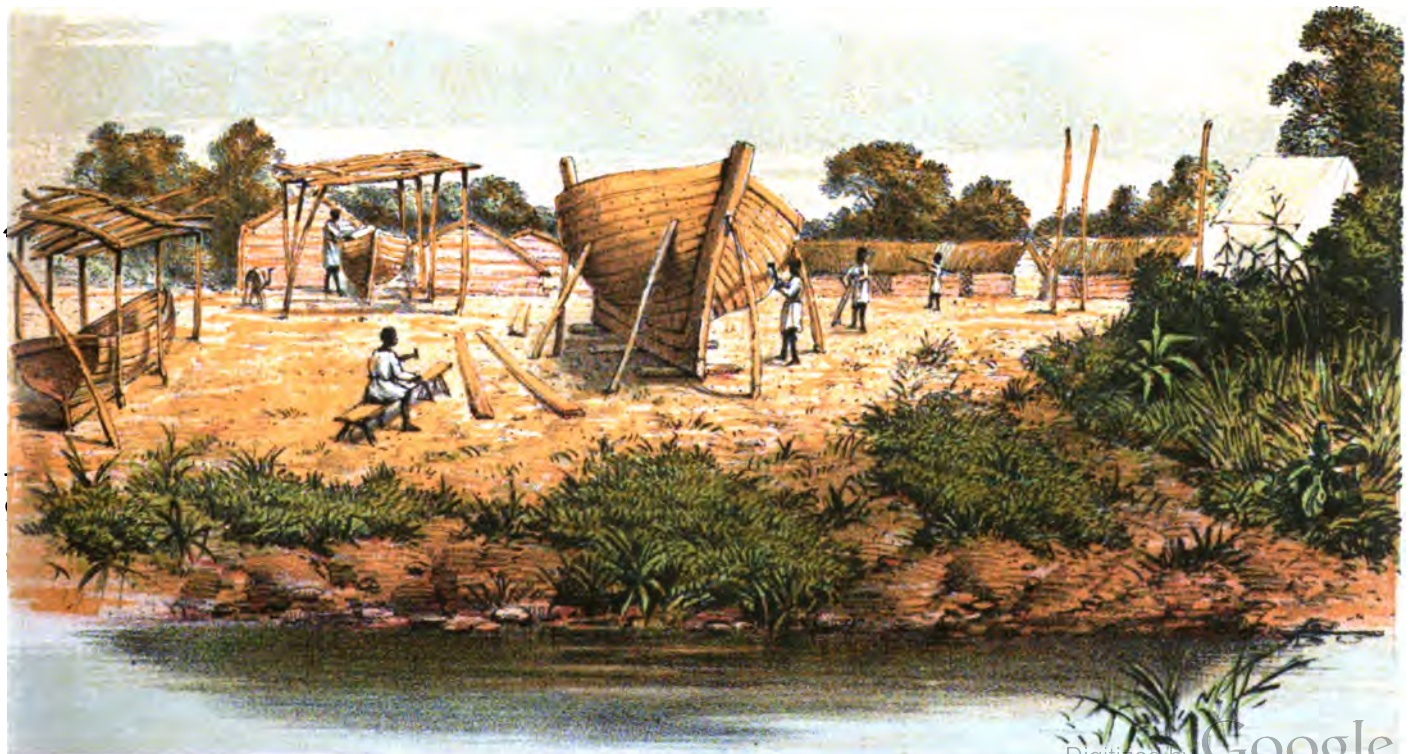
Only a few days after the removal of the party from Kagei to Ukerewe, in June, messengers arrived from King Mtesa, with letters, written for him by the Negro boy who had been left with him by Mr. Stanley, in which the king urged his "dear friend wite men," to come to him without delay. Lieut. Smith and Mr. Wilson accordingly sailed on June 25th in the *Daisy*. On the way they were both wounded by stones and arrows thrown by the natives



Thomas O'Neill del.

Vincent Brooks Day & Son, Lith.

GRANT BAY, VICTORIA NYANZA, FROM THE ISLAND OF UKERWE.



Thomas O'Neill, del.

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C. M. S. CAMP AND BUILDING YARD, BUKINDO, UKERWE.

of an island to which they approached too near; but, favoured by fair winds, they rapidly accomplished the 200-mile voyage, and landed in Uganda in the evening of the next day. On Saturday, June 30th, they reached the capital, Rubaga, and after resting on the Lord's Day, with Mtesa's full consent, they were publicly received by him on the Monday. Mr. Wilson's account is subjoined:—

About 8 o'clock a.m., two of the chief officers came to fetch us. They were neatly dressed in Turkish costume, long white tunics, trousers, and stockings, with red shoes and caps. A few soldiers, neatly dressed in white tunics and trousers, and armed with flint-lock guns, formed our escort as we climbed the hill, on the top of which stands Mtesa's palace. This is a long and lofty building of tiger-grass stems, and is thatched with grass, and is extremely clean and neat. In front of the palace is a number of courts separated from one another by high fences of tiger-grass, and sliding doors between them of the same material. These doors were opened as we approached, and closed behind us. In each court two lines of soldiers, neatly dressed in white, were drawn up, between which we passed.

Arriving at the palace itself, we entered the central hall, hat in hand, and found all the chief men of the country sitting along each side on wooden stools. All were dressed in Turkish costume, some in black tunics, others in red, and others again in white ones. All rose as we entered, and we were conducted to the upper end of the hall, where the king sat on a chair of white wood, with a carpet before him, the rest of the hall being strewn with dried grass. He was dressed in a black Turkish tunic, white trousers bound with red, white stockings, and he wore red shoes, and had a red cap on his head; he also wore a richly mounted sword. He came down from his throne and shook hands with us, and motioned us to two seats which had been placed for us. We then sat for some time looking at one another, till he called one of the messengers he had sent to Ukerewe for us, and bade him narrate our adventures, which the man did in an eloquent speech. Then the letter from the Sultan of Zanzibar was read, and next the Society's letters were presented, and the English one translated into Suahili for the king by Mufta, the boy whom Stanley left to instruct the king; and when a reference occurred to our Lord, the king ordered a salute to be fired, which, as Mufta explained to us, was for joy at the mention of the name of Jesus. The letter finished, and a short discussion having followed, the presents were produced and offered to the king, who seemed satisfied with them. After this we retired. Altogether this first interview was most satisfactory, though, of course, rather constrained and formal.

The following morning we had another interview with the king, his court again being present. He said he wanted us to make guns and gunpowder, and seemed rather disappointed at first when we told him we had not come to teach such things, but afterwards he seemed satisfied, and said what he wanted most was to be taught, he and his people, to read and write. After we had gone he sent a message to say he had one word which he wanted to say to us, but was afraid to do so before the people in the morning; so we settled to go up in the afternoon to hear what it was he wanted to say. So about four o'clock we went up, and found him in one of the side halls, with only a few attendants. We asked what the word he wanted to say was, and he said he wanted to know if we had brought the book—the Bible. He did not like to ask in the morning, as there were some Arabs and Mahomedans present. We set his mind at rest about that, and then he took us into his palace grounds, to show us the place and the beautiful views to be had from various points; he also pointed out two sites which he would give us—one for a mission-house, the other for a school—both of which are to be commenced at once.

Sunday, July 8th.

This letter is to go early to-morrow morning, and I cannot close it without telling you of a very interesting service I held at the palace to-day. The king, chief men, and others, about 100 in all, were present. I read a chapter from the Old and New Testament, Mufta translating, and explained a few things which the king asked. We then had a few prayers, all kneeling, and to my surprise and pleasure, a hearty "Amen" followed each prayer. The king had told them to do so. I next gave them a short address on the Fall, and our consequent need of a Saviour, telling them of Christ. Mufta translated. All listened with great attention, and the king afterwards asked many questions. It was very encouraging indeed.

On July 30th, Lieut. Smith, leaving Mr. Wilson with Mtesa, started to return to Ukerewe, where Mr. O'Neill had remained. A private letter from Mr. Wilson, dated four months later, gives an encouraging view of the work he was able to carry on in Uganda:—

Rubaga, Nov. 29th.

In the mission work there are both discouragements and encouragements, as one might expect. The services at the palace on Sunday mornings have been regularly held, and are fairly well attended; and it is a great thing in so young a mission, and before one knows the language, to be able to give some, at any rate, the opportunity of hearing regularly God's word, and receiving some instruction in the truths of our holy religion. The people are, as a rule, very attentive, and seem to take an interest in what is read and spoken to them, especially in our Lord's parables. I make the services more like classes in a Sunday school than a regular service, as I find it keeps their attention better, and gives them more opportunities for asking questions, and so letting me see how far they understand or not. I begin by reading a chapter from the Old Testament. I read three or four verses at a time, and explain and comment on them, answering any questions that may be asked; then three or more verses till the chapter is finished; then a chapter from the New Testament is read in the same manner; a short address follows, and I conclude with a few prayers from the Prayer Book, the people all kneeling, and joining in the Amens. The questions that are asked are often decidedly intelligent, and I must say I have often had to teach more inattentive and unappreciative classes in England.

The Waganda are a promising people in an educational point of view, if one can get them to come for instruction, which I do not think will be very difficult. They are a sharp, quick-witted race, much more so than any negroes I have yet come across. They are very skilful in working in metals, iron, copper, and brass; and I have never seen anything to equal their basket making. They are also very clever in imitating things of European manufacture, as far as their imperfect tools permit, and in this respect certainly deserve the name of the Chinese of Africa.

And again:—

I was much pleased last Sunday with what the king did; the passage from the New Testament was the raising of Lazarus, which was listened to with unusual attention; at the close, after speaking of our Lord's power and willingness to save all who came to Him, I urged them to come to Christ at once, while there was time; as soon as I had finished, the king took it up and spoke most eloquently to them, telling them to believe in Christ now, saying they could only do so in this life; when they were dead, it would be too late.

These services are attended only by what may be called the aristocracy of Uganda; but it is a great thing that in so young

a mission we can give some, at any rate, the opportunity of hearing regularly the Word of God, and we have God's promise to encourage us that His Word shall not return unto Him void. I, of course, do not confine my work to Sundays, but whenever I go up to the king's court (which I do several times each week), I take my Bible and generally contrive to read or say something about religious matters. At these courts the attendance is more mixed, and there are people present from all parts of Uganda, so that we cannot but hope that the seed thus sown may be carried far and wide to spring up in due time to God's honour and glory.

—♦—

Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Sketches.

SCENES IN UKERWE.

For three months, from the middle of August to the middle of November, Lieut. Smith and Mr. O'Neill were together in Ukerewe, at work upon the boats. The extract already given from Smith's letter of October 12th explains the length of time they were thus occupied.

To this period belong the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th Sketches, representing scenes in Ukerewe. Of these the first two have already been noticed. Of the other three we have no description. Bukindo, the village at which Lukongeh, the king of Ukerewe, lives, is noticed in Mr. Wilson's letter already given. In one of the loose scraps of paper in Lieut. Smith's writing, which have reached us since his death, we find the following:—

The king's enclosure is a circle of about 150 yards diameter, the fence of timber averaging 10 feet high. Within are about 30 huts for his wives, two rather larger for himself, one surmounted with ostrich eggs. He is the only male dwelling in this community of perhaps 100 females. The hut is supported by rudely carved posts, cut hexagonally.

The apex of the "court-house," represented in the sixteenth sketch, no doubt also consists of ostrich eggs, which in some parts of Africa are a symbol of royalty—among the Fellatahs, for instance, on the Upper Niger.

The interesting picture of the marketing illustrates the friendly relations of the mission party with the people of Ukerewe. On this subject Mr. O'Neill wrote, only two days before his death, as follows:—

My stay at Ukerewe has not been altogether unprofitable. I have obtained an insight into the language which is more or less spoken, and I doubt not that I have made some friends, and prepared the way for the favourable reception of my successor. My name is well known just now about the south of the Lake, and I earnestly trust the Lord will send forth many labourers for this portion of His great harvest.

And in a private letter:—

I have become almost as well known as the king himself, and wherever I go, or whomsoever I meet, of all ages and sexes, I am saluted with—"Watcha Oneely." My name, at least, will live after me in this out-of-the-way part of the world.

On October 15th, Lieut. Smith proceeded in the *Daisy* to explore the rivers and creeks at the southern end of the Lake, and was absent a fortnight. Of this trip he has sent a detailed journal, full of valuable geographical notes.

He returned to Ukerewe on November 5th. There he found Lukongeh full of warlike projects, and the war-

drum beating to summon his people to an expedition with the object of annexing a part of the island not owning his sway. He asked Smith for poison with which to kill his enemies, but seemed satisfied with the reply that "the King of kings abhorred such dark and treacherous deeds, and would be very angry if this request were complied with." On the 14th the dhow—which had been named the *Chimosi*, being "bad Kiswahili" for "The First," and also, as to its consonants, embodying the initials of the Society, *Ch., M., S.*)—was at length successfully launched; but, to Smith's surprise, Lukongeh immediately turned out with an armed force, demanded why his property was being removed, and seized the mast, rudder, anchor, &c. "We looked on," says Smith, "with passive unconcern, knowing all would come right in the end;" and it soon transpired that Songoro had never informed Lukongeh that the vessel was sold to the mission-party, had never paid for the timber, and had pocketed a present of twenty dollars which Smith had given him for the king. Two or three days' delay took place, owing to Songoro's absence; but on the 19th, Smith met him in Lukongeh's presence, and after five hours' discussion, which was renewed on the 20th and 21st, the king was entirely satisfied of the good faith of the white men. "God," he said, "brought you here; God brought Songoro here; but [very emphatically] he is a great rogue." Songoro agreed to pay a certain amount of ivory, and to leave hostages until he could obtain it; whereupon the embargo on the dhow was removed, and on the 22nd the party got away, after three visits from Lukongeh to the vessel, in perfect friendliness. One was a special visit to Mr. O'Neill, to request him to remain on the island, as "all the people loved him, because he said *Watcha sugu* (good morning) to them." "O'Neill has been very kind to the people; his amiable disposition and untiring good nature are the very things wanted in Africa."

They sailed for Kagei, to take in the heavy goods which had been left there, intending then to cross the Lake to Uganda.

—♦—

Nineteenth Sketch.

WRECK OF THE DHOW.

On Saturday night, November 25th, they arrived off Kagei, and cast anchor; but owing to the swell, and bad holding ground, the unfortunate dhow—which had given so much trouble from first to last, and which, alas! was yet to be the indirect cause of still heavier disaster—dragged, drifted on to the rocks, and became a wreck. The *Daisy*, however, which was under the charge of Hassani, the interpreter, came to the rescue, and everything was saved. "My Bible," says Smith, "is the only thing of consequence not recovered. The Lake has never received so noble a gift before." As the vessel could not be got off, they broke her up, saved all the good wood, nails, &c., and prepared plans for building a new one on arriving in Uganda.

Of this disaster Lieut. Smith sent a small pencil sketch, which is the original of our last picture. It is entitled, "Wreck of the dhow; the *Daisy* to the rescue." The small boat in which O'Neill appears, on the left, is the dingy



Thomas O'Neill del.

ENTRANCE GATE TO BUKINDO, ISLAND OF UKERWE.

Vincent Brooks Day & Son, Lith.



Thomas O'Neill del.

COURT HOUSE AND ENTRANCE TO KING'S PALACE, BUKINDO.

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Thomas O'Neill, del^t

MARKETING AT THE C.M.S. CAMP, UKEREWE

Vincent Brooks Day & Son, Lith.



G. Shergold Smith, del^t

WRECK OF THE DHOW

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upon which his name had been conferred. The part of the Lake shown is Speke Gulf, looking in a south-easterly direction towards the mouth of the river Shimeeyu. The high ground opposite is called Kirwiwi.

Having sent off from Kagei a packet of letters, which are dated December 5th, and which are the last received from them, Lieutenant Smith and O'Neill started in the *Daisy* to sail across the Uganda. The rest we know only from native sources, and the accounts are but fragmentary. It appears that, being baffled by contrary winds, they again put in to Ukerewe. The quarrel between Lukongeh and Songoro being renewed, the latter's wives and children were sent, in the *Daisy*, to a neighbouring island for safety, under the charge of Hassani, the native intrepeter attached to the mission party. This was on the morning of December 7th; and no sooner was the boat gone, than Lukongeh, with a large force, attacked Songoro and his men. Songoro, being wounded in the forehead by a spear, fled to Lieut. Smith for refuge. Lukongeh then came up, and demanded that he be given up to be killed. This Smith chivalrously refused; whereupon he and his little party, consisting of six natives of the mainland (Wanguana), with O'Neill, were instantly attacked by Lukongeh. It is said that Smith turned to his men and told them they must prepare to die. They defended themselves for some time, but being at length overpowered, they were all killed, except one man, who was taken prisoner, and subsequently released. Some twenty-five men with Songoro were also killed, only two escaping. These two remained hidden in the bushes till the next day, when the *Daisy* returned, and they swam off to her. Hassani attempted to recover the bodies, but without success; and then sailed across the lake to Uganda to inform Mr. Wilson. Wilson immediately went back in the *Daisy* to Kagei, where he found the captured survivor, who confirmed Hassani's account.

Here our narrative ends; and we cannot better conclude than by extracting a few lines from the last letters of our brethren who have fallen, showing the spirit that animated them to the last. Mr. O'Neill, in a private letter dated October 3rd, writes:—

We all feel that the supplications that have ascended up to the Throne of Grace have been answered by our ever gracious Heavenly Father, who has helped us through every difficulty and danger, and has now brought us to the end of our journey, and to the beginning of the work He has given us to do. You have anticipated my state exactly. I am, thank God, *alive*; *well*, never enjoyed better health in my life; *hopeful*, full of hope and confidence in the future of our little expedition; and *thankful* for the mercies of the past and the bright prospects of the immediate future; thankful that a door is opened into this dark continent for the proclamation of the glad tidings of salvation to perishing millions, and that it has pleased my Heavenly Father to call me, and permit me to engage, in ever so small a degree, in publishing His message of peace and reconciliation through our Saviour's blood.

In Lieut. Smith's journal of his exploration of the rivers, we find the following, on October 19th:—

I knelt down on the banks of the Ruwana, and thanked our

Heavenly Father for His merciful protection of us this day. Is not this "the day of small things"? The time is coming, and I believe not far distant, when the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ shall find its way over these mountains and plains, till these very rivers shall flow through unceasing praise.

Sunday, October 21st, was spent by Smith on the open waters of Speke Gulf, the wind preventing the *Daisy*, which had just returned from the river Ruwana, getting in to Kagei. A naval officer could not forget that famous date in naval annals. "The anniversary of Trafalgar," he writes, "we spent in the Gulf. *There is a greater battle to be fought here.*" What kind of battle he was thinking of may be gathered from a passage in another of his letters respecting that same Sunday:—

This, Sunday, was a day of rest: nature lulled her usual stiff south-easter to a zephyr, and the north-west wind of the afternoon set in early and light. What an opportunity to preach the glorious Gospel of Christ! I longed to know enough to make myself intelligible to the crew. I sometimes read to them the Gospel of St. John, and try to impress them with its great lesson of love; but love is an abstract quality to our poor African. He has the word "like" in his language, but "love," such as the Bible reveals, is only to be dimly inferred. So of course with us, but then we have the step between that leads us to contemplate, in some measure, Divine love. We have domestic love—a love, I believe, almost unknown to savages. Oh, the need, then, of spreading the Gospel, which is essentially a Gospel of Love. It was ushered in with peace on earth and goodwill toward men, and when Jesus had written it in His own blood, He added, further, eternal life to all who simply believe upon His Name—Jesus, Saviour.

The very last letter written by Smith—a private one—dated December 5th, contains these words:—"One feels very near to Heaven here, for who knows what a day may bring forth?" The next day but one "brought forth" the sad event—sad at least to us—which carried his happy spirit, and that of his companion, into Heaven itself, to receive the welcome from the Saviour they loved, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

It only remains to add that the Committee of the Church Missionary Society are fully resolved, in the name of the Lord, and in full dependence upon His help and guidance, to prosecute the Victoria Nyanza Mission with unabated energy. Mr. Mackay and three other men are on their way to the Lake from the East coast, besides four who are appointed to occupy Mpwapwa; and on May 8th, another party of four men left England for Egypt, to proceed to Uganda by way of the Nile. £10,000 is now appealed for, to meet the heavy expenses of the Mission. The Committee fully realise the difficulties of the undertaking, but, believing in the promise of the God of the whole earth, they have no doubt of ultimate success. "Surely," they say in the Annual Report of the Society, just issued, "in this mission there may be confidently looked for the fulfilment of the word of truth, *They that sow in tears shall reap in joy!*"

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